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ESTABLISHED 1837.

HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1886.

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THE Board of School Examiners of Highland
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Monday of every month, and on the third Mon-
day of February, March, April, August, Sep-
tember and October. The Examination fee
prescribed by law is \$5 cents. By order of the
Board.

aug21

SCHOOL Reports \$5 cents per 100 at the
NEWS-HERALD OFFICE.

KNIGHT OF THE GRIP

Lifting an Indiana Train off the Track.

Extreme Politeness Results in a Loss of Suspender Buttons.

But the Window Was Nailed Down and the Effort Was Futile.

The Jolly Drummer—A Man We Know Frequently but Never Well.

Received orders from the "house" to try the Hoosier State. I accordingly packed up my grip and took a train for Cincinnati; remained there three or four hours and at 12:30 p. m. was aboard a "Big Four" train for Indianapolis. It was a beautiful day, having rained the night before enough to lay the dust and cool the atmosphere so that everything was propitious for a delightful afternoon's ride. I looked around over the passengers and as I saw no one I felt particularly interested in I removed my hat, opened my grip, took out my skull cap, adjusted it on my head, slid down in my seat so my feet would reach the back of the seat in front of me, thus bringing my head on a plane with the bottom of the window and also bringing it so it could rest on the cushion behind me, and settled down to enjoy a few hours of concentrated bliss. I felt good. I was in one of those moods when all I cared for was to be let alone. Didn't seem to care whether I was going or what became of me. I settled down into a kind of dreamy, semi-conscious existence, free from care or a thought of any kind. Trees, houses, towns and fields darted by my window in rapid succession, but made little or no impression on my sluggish brain. So far as I remember there was nothing unusual about the southern part of Indiana. It is known to be the poorest of the State—in fact the only poor part there is. After the first hour and a half's ride I noticed we were entering a very fertile country. Every indication of prosperity became visible, farm and farm houses were in better repair, and an air of thrift pervaded every little village. We had left the poorer southern part of the State and were now entering the broad fertile belt that composes nearly the whole of the remaining portion of Indiana. Her sister States don't give her the credit, as a State, she deserves. As an agricultural State she is scarcely excelled. It is said that Indiana contains the largest continuous belt of fertile land in the United States. This, I think, is slightly overdrawn, but there can be no doubt of the great fertility of the whole of the central and northern part of the State. The fact that in the earlier history of Indiana chills and agues were rather too frequent for comfort has gained a reputation for her that has not vanished with the cause, and many persons now, when they go to Indiana, think the first thing to do is to lay in a stock of quinine, and with this "sheet-anchor" begin a regular and systematic course of medication in order to counteract the malarial influence. Nothing can be more nonsensical or absurd. Indiana, to-day, is as healthful as the "Buckeye" State, and after leaving the river flats the people are generally fat and rosy and present every indication of perfect health.

As we reach the level portion of the State the road became smoother and the speed of the train was perceptibly increased. We sped along like an arrow. No trouble to build railroads in that country. No fills or cuts, just throw up a little grade, lay down your ties, spike on your rails, do a little ballasting, and you have a first-class road; straight, smooth and solid, and whizz! how they do run! No need of Artemus Ward's advice that he gave to a conductor on a torridly slow train on one occasion when he gravely beckoned to him and asked him if passengers were allowed to make any suggestions concerning the train. The conductor told him that any suggestions of an acceptable nature would be received. "I only wanted," said Ward, "to suggest that the cow-catcher be placed on behind, as a cow would be more likely to come strolling in from that direction and disturb the passengers than that the train run over any." It is said that Ward got his pass in due time. Nor would there be any occasion for a conversation like one which took place between the conductor and one of the passengers on a southern Texas road. As the conductor came through the car a passenger asked him if they were still on the track. "I don't know," said the conductor, "but will go forward and see." He returned in a few moments and said they had left the track about five miles back, but the engineer thought he would strike it again about three miles further ahead. No occasion for such nonsense on a central Indiana railroad. When you are on a fast express you think more about praying to be forgiven for selling that last man imported goods made in Cincinnati and charging imported prices than anything else.

Well, I noticed the shadows of the trees and houses were growing longer and I straightened up in my seat, in-
voked myself to see if I were all present, and after fumbling around awhile finally succeeded in getting my watch.

It indicated 4 p. m., and I knew we would soon be due at the "Indian City,"

as we were billed there at 5. I would remain there over night and—let me see, whom do I know there to spend the evening with? Didn't my best girl say in her last letter she would visit friends there soon? It was but the work of a moment to look, as I had the letter in my pocket. Sure enough, she would be at this time at such a number and such a street. That I considered extremely fortunate as I had not seen her for so long. In order to facilitate matters I opened my grip at once and wrote a note, stating I was in the city, and would be pleased to call, etc., and directed as indicated in her letter.

I put it in my pocket, meaning to send the first boy I could find around with it. I grew restless. I was anxious to get there and had thoroughly aroused from the lethargy I was in when I started. The thought of spending an evening with the charming girl I had met at L—and with whom I had enjoyed so many pleasant occasions filled me with a desire to do something gallant and looking over the passengers I saw a beautiful young lady at the opposite end of the car making an attempt to raise the window. She was such a sweet, modest, rosy cheeked girl and had evidently escaped my notice when she entered the car. Where she got on I am unable to say, but think it impossible for her to have been on long without my noticing her. Such a divinely fair girl couldn't have escaped my gaze long. At any rate, I thought an opportunity was presented to gain the favor of this fair damsel, but it proved to be a dam-nd on me. I arose and staggered along the whole length of the car to where the young lady sat, made a grab for my hat to lift it but forgetting I had on my skull-cap, my hand missed the brim of my hat and my thumb proceeded to probe the region of my eye, and my little finger insinuated a similar investigation in the region of my left ear. This little "break" attracted the attention of the passengers in that end of the car and those who were reading laid aside their papers to witness the further performance. There I stood, half blinded and half deaf, conscious of my blunder and also of the fact that I was attracting the attention of the other passengers. With the sound eye I saw the girl turn her face toward me, displaying the most classical features and bewitching eyes I had ever seen. I was "all broke up," but finally muttered out "could I assist her in raising the window?" and she "O! thank you, ever so much, you are so very kind," which didn't help me to compose myself a bit. The scene was growing interesting—for the passengers. The little charmer kind sank back on the cushion to give me room to get at the window and I squeezed in between her and the seat in front, thus bringing my face near her right in front of those great black eyes of hers. I knew I was making a condemned fool of myself but I was in it now and couldn't back out. I finally got hold of what I supposed to be the window and heaved and strained and tugged away till great drops of perspiration stood on my brow. I glanced down the car and I saw a broad grin on every face. I would have given a month's wages if I had remained in my seat. I worked on and finally gave an immense heave and six or seven went some, across the car and I felt my suspenders fly up astride my neck. I had busted both buttons off, and I distinctly heard a giggle in the back part of the car. I relaxed my hold for an instant to pull down my coat and found I did not have hold of the window proper, at all, but only the bottom of the window frame and was trying to lift the car off the trucks. I was mad, O, awfully mad. I looked at the girl and she recognized the prominence we were gaining and was perfectly scarlet. I buttoned my coat and made another dive for the window, but this time was so nervous that in leaning over the seat I failed to catch the back of the seat with my hand and went jamming my head against the side of the car. The girl screamed out at a scared little "O!" and asked if I was hurt. I assured her I was not and caught the window. I made another desperate effort and ripped my coat from alpha to omega. That brought down the house. The girl looked kind of disgusted and very coolly told me I need not bother with it, she guessed she did not want it up.

Holy Moses! how was I going to face that coach of people to go to my seat after making such an idiot of myself. I couldn't see well out of one eye and the other was partially paralyzed from cerebral congestion, so I made one desperate effort for my seat, and reached it without any inconvenience other than displacing several square inches of epidermis in the region of the patella from its coming in contact with the ends of the seats. I tried to think of something consoling—some Sunday school motto or "blessed are they, etc." but could make none apply to my case. Any how, I didn't see why the women always expect the men to wait on them. I thought it was a useless custom and I was in favor of rendering it obsolete.

I believe the conductor nailed that window down and that woman was his wife and her sitting there and pretending to want it up was all a put up job just to have some fun for him and the passengers. At least he seemed to enjoy it more than anyone else, and if I were sure it was a put up job on his part I would "set 'em up" to the crowd.

"Indianapolis" sang out a brakeman and I slipped on my duster to hide my

demoralized coat, grabbed my grip and slid out the rear door.

I went to the first hotel, the Spencer House, arranged my toilet and sent a boy around with my note and partially forgot my last mortification in the thought that I would soon see someone who didn't always wait windows raised and all such nonsense. The boy came back in due time with the word that she had gone to L—about noon.

By George! there it was again. I didn't care for any supper, but retired quite early thinking what a strange and mysterious providence governs our destinies.

Next morning I boarded a train for Crawfordsville, a town of about ten thousand souls. Here is situated the Wabash College, one of the oldest and leading Presbyterian schools in the State. The buildings are situated in the center of a large grove of natural forest trees. The college campus is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Numerous squirrels and birds inhabit the grove, which are carefully protected by the college authorities. Crawfordsville is a very beautiful town and the intelligence and refinement contained therein has gained for it the cognomen of "The Athens of Indiana." Several prominent novelists and literary characters reside here. The surrounding country is in perfect keeping with the town. Here I was joined by a co-worker in the vineyard, who was an old school-mate of mine and by mutual consent we concluded we would share our woes together for a season and, after holding a council of war, we decided to work the towns in the direction of Richmond.

There is a noticeable feature of Indiana towns; namely, their elegant public buildings. Especially is this true of their Court-houses. It seems they concentrate their whole effort in a Court-house. This is true to some extent, of the school-houses, but when an inhabitant of an Indiana town takes you out to see the place he usually shows you the Court-house first. Why this is the case I am unable to say but such is my impression of "Hoosierdom."

Saturday evening found us registered at Richmond, the Quaker City, for Sunday. We soon made the acquaintance of several of the "boys," who had pulled in there to spend Sunday. Some were selling groceries, some dry goods, some hardware, some books, some this and some that; but they were the "boys" all the same. Do you know them? I do. They are called "drummers," "frisky drummers," "cheeky drummers," "pilgrims," "tourists," "knights of the grip," "commercial traveling men," and sometimes other hard names, but among themselves they are known only as the "boys." You have all known them. I do not mean that small class among them who are a cross between a dude and a pee-wee, the smart Alecks, the mashers, who imagine what they don't know about business and country trade how to do business, and as a result go in home for repairs in a short time with their tail feathers all picked out by some of the "old fools" they have attempted to educate—I don't mean them; but the boys who, week in and week out, month after month and year after year, through sunshine and rain, mud and dust, heat and cold, but up serene and smiling so—these they are not very gaudy fellows, not much for style, ain't "overpowerin' purty," as a rule, some of them ain't very young, maybe—but they are boys yet, a little rough now and then, perhaps, tell pretty tough stories occasionally, but you will find them right there when you put your finger down. Full of fun, light-hearted, jolly fellows, but true as steel in all business transactions.

Yes, you know Bob and Joe and Jim, outside, but you do not know that they each have an inner life from which cometh all the joy and light and happiness that you have seen in the outer life. What you see are only evidences of the heroic struggles and signal triumphs that have occurred within; trophies of victories achieved over passion, appetite and temptation. You see the scars that mar, somewhat, the beauty of the outer, but you do not know they are the price of the scarless character within. You see the outer man but you cannot see the beauty and stability of the inner man. You see the "drummer" but you fail to see that beneath the rubbish and roughness of his outer life there is concealed a fountain of human sympathy for human sorrow that needs only the gentle finger touches of want and sorrow to open wide its gates. Yes, you know them in a way, but you don't know that because of their temptations, conflicts and triumphs, they are better and stronger men than the world gives them credit for being. Tested and tried, they stand before the world as moral giants compared to those weazen-faced "holier than thou art" class, who turn up their noses in derision at the idea that the drummer can be moral.

God bless the "boys" and help the world to see them as they are; then will it know no nobler, truer, manlier men. "Them's my sentiments."

KNIGHT OF THE GRIP.

"That tired feeling" from which you suffer so much, particularly in the morning, is entirely thrown off by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A flank movement—Pa with a strap!

File—All file stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No file after first day's use. Nervous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HEIDELBERG.

Further Description of Her Many Attractions.

The Ruins Carefully Preserved Give Evidence of Ancient Grandeur.

The Beautiful Architecture of the Palace—Illustration of the Castle—Interesting History.

HEIDELBERG, June 14th, 1886.
EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:

With what tones of force and eloquence, Does this Castle speak, Of the many phases of Man's estate. In the beginning, full and free, For the time grand and costly. This, succeeded and excelled by itself, When Art, and Science, and Wealth, Homage paid to their masters. Then follows strife, after supremacy, When death itself were more preferable than defeat.

And Pride rebuilds, to be again destroyed; Until huge piles of stone—pictures Of gray in frames of green—give Evidence of the might that once was; And hold within their solitary walls And vaulted arches, as easy prisoners, Tales of mirth and sorrow—mortal heritage.

The first castle in Heidelberg was built in 1225. It occupied a position further up the hillside, and was in harmony with the age, affording little but shelter and security. It was destroyed by a gunpowder explosion in 1337. The present castle was commenced about the year 1300, also on a very modest scale. On the leveled summit of a mound (Jotten buhl) enclosed by walls and defended by a tower, an unpretentious dwelling was erected. Later (1356 under Rupert I) a chapel was added outside the wall, and became the legendary retreat of the sorceress Jetta. Only here and there fragments of the walls of this original structure remain. The area of the castle was enlarged from time to time, and buildings added, according to the splendor of the rulers. The building operations extended over a period of three hundred years; after 1619 nothing more was done, than to repair more or less inefficiently the portions destroyed in the war which lasted a third of a century, and by the great fire, the result of lightning August 24th, 1794. In the present century, steps have been taken to preserve the ruins from decay, by systematic annual repairs.

Behind the castle rise the oak and pine-crested hills of the Geisberg and Kaiserstuhl; in front from the large balcony, it seems as if you could almost lay your hand on the brown roofs of the houses, although 300 feet below. Above this rises the broad front of the Friedrichsbau. On the left stands the octagonal tower of the Hologole, on the right a round tower, which originally rose from the depths in seven stories, with walls twenty feet thick, to a height of 235 feet. Although shattered by the mace of war, it still shows up with its huge walls, the beautiful palace and garden terrace of Elizabeth, wife of Frederick V. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast irregular quadrangle. Passing from the gardens behind the castle under the archway of the Giant Tower, which guards the drawbridge over the moat, you enter this great courtyard. The eye is met by the diverse architecture and curious sculptures of different ages. Having regard both to their architecture and the period of their origin all the buildings now standing may be divided into two classes, those in the Gothic style up to the first half of the sixteenth century, and those in the style of the Renaissance up to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. Among the latter are the palaces of Otto Henry, Frederick IV, and Frederick V. In the niches on the walls between the windows of the Otto Heinrichsbau, stand rows of statues, heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. There can be no more striking testimony to the excellence of this structure, than the existence of a tradition, attributing the design to Michael Angelo. The documents relating to the building give the names of Anthoni and Collins as the sculptors.

A closer inspection of the architectural details shows at once that the horizontal lines predominate, the ratio of height to breadth as three to five. The three stories which gradually diminish in height from the ground upwards, are separated from each other by a continuous entablature. All the stories are divided by pilasters and demi-columns, into five compartments, each containing two windows separated by statues occupying niches. The two middle windows of the ground floor are wanting, being replaced by the doorway. The effect is rendered more impressive by the great variety in the forms of the architectural members of the entablatures, the friezes, the pillars, and columns, the frames and belts of the windows, the niches and consoles of the statues, together with the utmost diversity in the form of the statues, their attitude, costume, and attributes. The doorway presents on a smaller scale the same characteristics as the facade. It was evidently designed on the model of a Roman triumphal arch, and the proportions of height and breadth are carefully calculated in a triple ratio. The entablature is supported by four large and two small caryatids. The former are placed on either side of the

entrance, the arch of which is enriched with beautifully-carved bas-reliefs. The frieze bears an inscription giving name, title and power of the builder, Otto Henry; and crowning the doorway, is his effigy, with the statue of Love just above it. The statues of the ground floor represent four heroes of antiquity—Joshua, Samson, Hercules, and David. The first floor is adorned with emblematic female figures—the three Christian virtues of Faith, Hope and Love, and of the four pagan cardinal virtues those most necessary for a ruler, namely, Fortitude and Justice. In the upper story stand Saturn, Mars in full panoply, Venus and Cupid, Mercury with his rod, Diana with the crescent moon, and above where once the gable was, the sun-god Apollo, and Jove with his thunder-bolts and eagle; that is to say, the seven chief star-gods of antiquity and the Middle Ages—the five ancient planets, sun and moon—which preside over man's natal hour and over all the decisive moments of human life, according to the theories of astrology, which found such general credence in the fifteenth century, and into whose influence upon the course of mundane events, Otto Henry himself was a profound inquirer.

Only by the exterior of the palace can we judge of the former splendor of its halls, which were long since reduced to a state of utter desolation. You enter the open and cheerless chambers of the ruins and on every side see medallions and family arms. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-places are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fanlike flutings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullocks' heads with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions holding rings in their teeth. Such can the imaginative brain make of the remnant of groined arches, shattered fragments of columns, a chimney-piece with shallow bas-reliefs, and shamefully mutilated doorways, relics of the interior of this once so stately palace.

In the years 1601-10, Frederick IV erected the Friedrichsbau "divino cultui et commodae habitationi" as the inscription records. This palace was obviously raised under the influence of the former; but the spirit which animates the two is essentially different. They are also totally distinct as regards the character of their architecture. The two facades of the Friedrichsbau afford the most brilliant example of the baroque style of the German Renaissance. The prevalence of the vertical tendency peculiar to the Gothic style, is shown in the ratio of height to breadth. There is no continuous entablature dividing the several stories, but on the north front tapering pilasters of the Doric, Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, rise upwards in unbroken lines, so that in the distance, they have the appearance of buttresses. In the far handsomer court facade, the columns, alternating with statues, do not produce the same impression, owing to their projecting consoles and scrolls. The windows of the ground floor, which floor was designed for a place of worship, are much loftier than the others. Scarcely any part of the surface of the walls is free from ornament, worked in bold disregard of the material, and having the appearance of plates of metal beaten or bent into shape, and fastened to the stones by means of rivets. The statues are from the chisel of Gotz of Colre. Although yielding to the effect of Time, broken and dismembered, they are still full of life, thoroughly realistic in conception and treatment, and are, by the exercise of a fine artistic taste, in their outer appearance, costume, etc., brought into harmony with the architectural character of the several stories. They represent, in the gables, four ancestors and founders of the line of the Elector-palatine, Charlesmange, Otto of Wittelsbach, Louis I, and Rudolph I. In the third story are four emperors and kings of palatine descent: the German emperors, Louis of Bavaria and Rupert of the Palatine, and the kings, Otto of Hungary, and Christian of Denmark. In the second story are four distinguished princes of the ancient electoral line, Rupert I, Frederick I, Frederick II, and Otto Henry. Lastly on the ground floor are the princes of the modern electoral line, Frederick III, Louis VI, John Casimir, and Frederick IV. The original interior is recognizable only on the first floor in the chapel; for its preservation Charles Theodore had the roof constructed above the two burnt-out upper stories. The second floor now contains the Municipal Collection of Antiquities. The collection was begun in 1864, and since its acquisition by the town it has been greatly enlarged, arranged, and provided with an explanatory catalogue. There are paintings and engravings of almost all the Electors, their wives and children, and members of the related princely houses, English, French, and Swedish, down to the present time. Paintings and engravings, also of celebrated Heidelberg scholars, and of native and foreign generals and statesmen connected with the history of the Palatinate, views of Heidelberg, the Castle and gardens in their prime, and representations of historical events, battles, etc. Documents, manuscripts, and autographs of all ages, and stages of decay. The most ancient autograph was written in 896; the earliest products

[Continued on eighth page.]

The City In The Sea.

They tell of a city long years ago, That was sunk in the deep blue sea; And the waves now roll and wild winds blow Where the city used to be.

The sailors say when the white caps roll And the wind blows steady and strong, They hear the sound of a solemn toll And the notes of a funeral song.

They see a light on the far-off coast, That shines on sea and shore, And the shadowy form of a restless ghost Keeps guard forever more.

And the story is that years ago, In a valley, rich and fair, Shielded by rocks from the sea below, Men builded a city there.

They brought their wives and children home To the city by the sea; The strong men tilled the deep, rich loam, And their wives sang merrily.

And plenty crowned their humble board, For they were brave and free, And they had no thought great wealth to hoard, In the city by the sea.

But there came a stranger from the east, Well-clothed, and fair to see, And he bought a farm and made a feast, In the city by the sea.

He built a house of the granite gray, Which walled the city round, And his laden ships at anchor lay In the waters of the sound.

Then envy filled the hearts of all, And pride not felt before; And they quarried rock from the granite wall That guarded the sea-washed shore.

They builded their houses of granite stone, That flashed in the sun of noon, And the city clear as a mirror shone Under the yellow moon.

But some there were who often spoke Of the danger not afar, From the angry waves which in fury broke On the cliff with a constant jar.

They only laughed in mocking glee At the friendly warning given, And said that cliff had better flee, Before that cliff was driven.

There came a night, an awful night, With storm and tempest loud, And the sea with bright phosphorescent light, Was that city's funeral shroud.

The weakened cliff in a moment broke, And the sea with rush and roar, Like an angry god, with sudden stroke, Laid waste the land of Zor.

In dark blue depths the ruins sleep, Where beauty used to tread, And the eyes of love in sadness weep O'er the still uncoffined dead.

JOHN W. KLINE.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains, and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil. For many years been the constant favorite family remedy. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Motto for persons who preserve fruit—"They can, who think they can."

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. In your falling out or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. July

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the taylor-kettle."

In cases of fever and ague, the blood is as effectually, though so dangerously poisoned, by the effluvia of the atmosphere as it could be by the deadliest poison. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure will eradicate this poison from the system. 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Chawley—"Who's that old gentleman you nodded to, Fred?" Fred—"Which? The old chap over there? Oh, that's a father of mine."

Animals are often afflicted with a disease called the mange, the same disease in human beings is called the itch, and is highly contagious; to cure it mix four of sulphur with Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil. It cures the itch, the scabies, and the mange. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with em."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bites, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co. sept17

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came; "Buckwheat cakes and measles."

\$10,000 Awarded. "I was so sick and low spirited that I thought I would give anything to get well; and if any one had named me the good health produced by using Simmons' Liver Regulator, and charged me a thousand dollars, I would willingly have paid it if I had had it—in fact, \$10,000 would be worth less to me than what it has done for me." Geo. F. Barrett, Macon, Ga.

Ingomica—"You look very like Senator F. John." John (delightfully)—"Oh, do I? Is he smart?" Ingomica—"I don't know. He doesn't look so."

Excitement in Texas. Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

At a French restaurant: "Here waiter, it seems to me this tartlet is not quite as fresh as the one you had last Sunday."

"Pardon